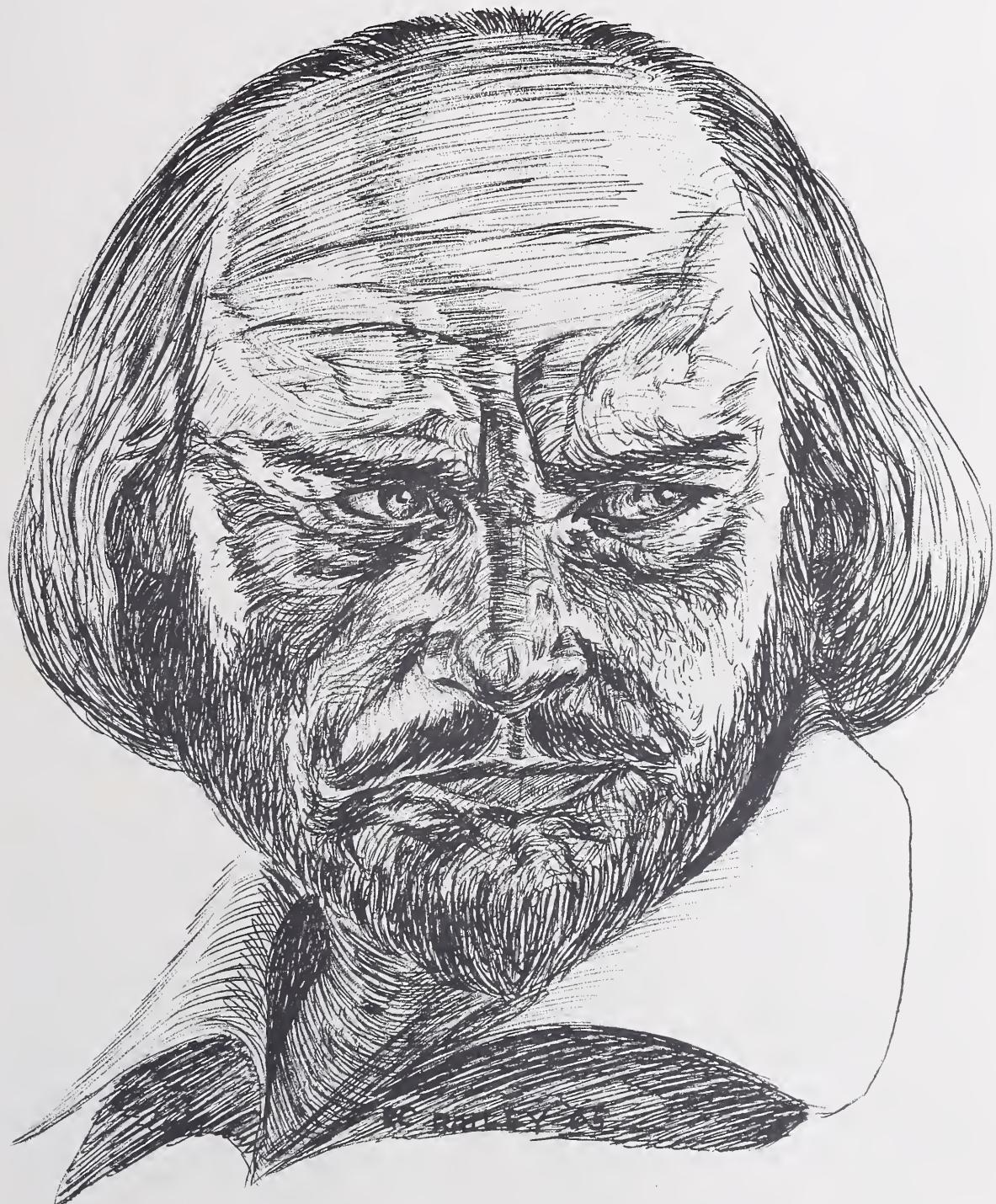


Kampus Vue

VOL. X NO. 4

FITCHBURG STATE COLLEGE

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Literary Edition

Table of Contents

WORDS — by Martin Vieweg	3
WHY — by Jane Starkey	3
POEM — by Helen Mack	3
OUR HERO — by Denny Nolan	4
"A MAN'S A MAN FOR ALL THAT" — by Martin Vieweg	5
PRELIMINARY TO MADNESS — by Domen Menhir Cromlech	7
APOLOGIA — by Jane Starkey	7
THREE TRIALS OF THE URCHIN — by John Clement	8
THE MEMORY — by Peggy Pillion	9
A PLAN I HAVE — Anonymous	9
REFLECTIONS — by John Clement	9
FATHOM FIVE — by Jane Starkey	10
NO. 73 — by George French	10
JUSQU' ALORS — by Martin Vieweg	10
POEM — by Helen Mack	11
COUNTERPOINT — by Jane Starkey	11
POEMS — by "Biankley"	12

Kampus Vue

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WORDS

There is probably not a person living who, having enjoyed the privilege of attending school, has not, at some time or another, been reprimanded, censured, and reproved for debasing his spoken language; for, since that long-forgotten moment when the first cave man wandered up to the first cave woman and uttered the words, "Hi ya. What's new?" men have been misusing their most precious gift of all — words. For thousands of years men have incessantly abused the privilege of communicating with one another, and I think that it is about time that something be done about this continual ruination of language.

These, in general are the thoughts of nearly every pundit who ever stepped off the assembly line of a teachers' college: "We'll reform those ingrates yet."

And undoubtedly they will — if they work hard enough. But I think these great potential reformers are barking up the wrong tree — and probably they can't see the tree for the forest.

What forest? Why, the forest of the opposite extreme, the forest of words in

which those very scholars who are trying to elude the abyss of verbal ignominy become lost. And yet, this forest can be hewn, but to hew it will require a great amount of time and effort.

So, starting now, let's strike out at the Oliver Goldsmiths of the world. Let's raise those ingrates up from degeneration, but let's not forget the intellectuals, who have shot past their target of perfection and have become lodged in the engulfing submergence of verbosity.

Some people can't avoid using too many too-large words. These people should be helped as much as the swearers, the cussers, and the hipsters who have forgotten the unlimited uses of words.

Let's, therefore, wage a war against the unlearned and the overtaught, joining carelessness and wordiness into an unbreakable, consummate whole. Let's fall into the ranks of reprimanders and censurers, and, above all, let's teach people to speak.

by Martin Vieweg

WHY?



Morning smells clear and blue and cold.
There is a star still staring down,
And it is cold.

The market is filled with men, rough
men and poor.

Their eyes are cold.

I looked for one warm place.
Even my room was barren.
The steam heat clanked loudly, but
there was no warmth.

A small boy outside my window tried
to keep warm by blowing on his
fingers.

He was cold too.
So I killed him.

by J. Starkey

POEM



Let the morning glories slumber;
Wakefulness will come too soon.
And the dawn will voice in thunder
Wrath upon the huddled earth.

Morning gapes.

The sun hangs darkened upon
The blood-stained sky;
And muted are the songbirds.
Come, O Day —

Come blast your trumpets.

Shrilly sound the cry of
Dying Time.

Tread lightly,

For earth is hanging by a thread

And can hang no longer.

by Helen Mack

OUR HERO?

Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing indiscreetly at the two armies confronting each other in battle array. (It was a clear, cloudless sky that hung over the combatants, a mellow Autumn day, the surrounding woods sparsely tinged with red and gold.) He was aware of the tread and clatter of soldiers all about him; the glimmer of muskets and the dazzling reflection of sharpened bayonets. Gates was fearfully sad as he watched the narrowing gap between the two armies slowly disappear.

All at once smoke burst out; thunder shook the ground, and melees of shouts and cries filled the cannon-darkened sky.

The play of death had begun.

The two flags, one of the stars and one of the crosses, tossed amid the smoke and mass of men, while the earth shook violently to and fro as if from the pulsations of a mighty beating heart. Suddenly from the Heights on which Gates and his party stood, there came a rider on a black horse. Drawing his sword, he galloped into the thick of the battle. The sharp, silvery blade quivered awhile in the air and then quickly disappeared into the smoke and ranks of men. Wherever the fight loomed most desperate, there this rider was seen. His death-black horse pacing madly beneath him, he dashed here and there, shouting commands and encouragement; his blue uniform and the sleek hide of his horse were covered with blood.

It was like this all day long; wherever the horse and his rider appeared, victory followed. At last toward sunset, the crisis of the battle came. The fortress on Beamers Heights had to be taken, or the American cause was lost. The cliffs were steep; the men were tired; hundreds lay dead already, and death seemed certain as the Americans were slowly losing the field. Even Iron Man Morgan, famed for his courage and strength, leaned on his musket in despair. But at that dismal moment of dismay, the very same horse and his rider came dashing toward the front lines. He was now covered with sweat, dirt, and blood, and his horse panted from exhaustion. He gripped his chipped, dull sword tightly in his right hand, the sword bloody and sticky from hours of continuous hacking and hewing at the enemy forces. He leaned over his saddle, laid a calm, confident hand on Morgan's shoulder, and spoke a few

words in his ear. It was as if the devil himself had been instilled in the man's heart. Morgan seized his musket, shouted mighty curses, and started on up the hill. The rider spurred his mount and bounded up the slope and toward the fortress. He turned and shouted, "Come on, men, for Quebec!"

The call was needless; already the infantry were scrambling on the rocks. The British cannon poured forth and laid the dead in piles of ten and twenty at volley, but the men came ever faster, chasing this mad fool on the black horse.

Then as a cloud of smoke cleared, the horse and its rider were seen at the very gates of the fortress itself. The horse fell dead, wounded by several rounds of musket fire. The rider worked himself free from his mount, and, sword in hand, nimbly mounted the wall of the fortification. Waving his weapon in an arc above his head, he shouted, "Saratoga is won!" In the very next instant, he too fell, his leg shattered by a cannonball. His courage, his words, and his deeds had wrought together the last energies of his men as they finally stormed the breastworks to overcome the last enemy resistance.

Who was this rider on the black horse? No doubt a famous American general and a dedicated Patriot! Few Americans know about him and his brilliant military career. It is interesting to note that his shattered leg also bore the scars of a wound suffered two years before at the storming of Quebec. And with this subsequent injury of 1777, part of the great price paid by American patriots at the battle of Saratoga was not to go unrewarded. Later, less forgetful generations were to erect a monument to the rider's bravery — a replica of an officer's boot. It is the only commemoration we have of our "hero" Benedict Arnold!

by Denny Nolan



"A MAN'S A MAN FOR ALL THAT"

"Gotta match, Ben?" Sam queried as he fumbled feebly in the frayed pocket of his tattered overcoat.

"Uh, no . . . no, Sam, not one," Ben replied, without even bothering to check the pockets of his own dingy serge.

"D.....n!" shouted Sam, tossing into the gutter the black twisted stub of a cigar he had held between his teeth. It's a shame to waste a good smoke."

"Sure is," Ben said lugubriously. "Could be a blessing in disguise, though. Maybe you'll give up smoking for want of a match. For want of a match his smoking was lost. For want of smoking his pleasure was lost."

"And his health regained. Eh, Ben?" interrupted Sam, coughing as he bent down clumsily to pick something up from the filth of the sidewalk. "I found another one. Now if I can only find something to light it with."

"Only one?" Ben asked half-aloud, looking absently at the tarnished brass button at one corner of his left sleeve.

"What was that, Ben, buddy? Did you find me a light?"

"A light? No, I don't have one. But there's one over there."

Ben pointed across the dimly lit main street. At the base of a tall building a faint yellow light issued from a small multipaned aperture, half-obsured by the level of the street.

"A light? Oh, sure I . . . I guess I could get one over there. H.....l, Ben, you always were a great thinker."

The two men turned together and started across the street.

"Sam, do you remember the time I bought all that stock when everybody else was selling? You nearly were my partner then. I laughed at 'em all, didn't I, Sam? I made the big time. I was rich!" Ben blurted out the words unexpectedly in a nearly inarticulate fashion.

"Ben, you sure had a head for business then," Sam growled.

The two men descended toward the yellow light, down the damp stone steps to the rathskeller. Sam ducked before entering to avoid hitting his head on a makeshift wooden sign above the door, on which were scrawled, in nearly indistinguishable charcoal, the words, "The Dive." Ben, although it wasn't necessary, also lowered his head as he passed under the sign. The two men entered the barroom.

"I never would have made that a year ago," Ben said. "I used to wear a

mighty tall hat."

"What? Oh ya, a mighty tall hat. . . Hey, Ben, how about a couple of beers to talk over old times?" Sam asked, just as he leaned over to beg a light from a bearded gent at a nearby table.

"Sam, who's yer friend?" the hirsute man questioned, looking up at the gaunt, sallow face of Sam's aging companion.

Sam stood up straight and, placing a friendly palm on Ben's narrow shoulder, blared out to the sea of sundry faces dotting the barroom, "Gents, I would like you all to meet a friend of mine, Mr. Benjamin Mammon. Here is a man who made his first million in Chicago, back when it was hard to do."

Ben broke in jokingly, "Ya, I made it in matches before the big fire."

"He ain't that old!" one of the crowd blurted out.

Sam sniggered coarsely, tightened his grip on Ben's shoulder, and then removed his hand quickly to jab him lightly in the ribs with a rounded elbow. Ben coughed, forced a half smile and glanced across the room to the bar, where a stout red-faced chap was also recovering from a poke in the ribs.

"Blimey, hif hit hain't the truth though," Ben heard him say to his sharp-elbowed companion. "Oi wage 'is middle name his Ulysses."

"Or maybe Upton or Uriah," said his friend, laughing loudly and obnoxiously.

Ben stepped a little nearer the two men at the bar and interrupted their raillery, saying, "To you, gentlemen, my middle name will forever be unknown."

The two men roared more loudly than before, fleering mockingly and pounding the bar, against which they leaned for support.

Ben turned, disgusted, and heard Sam say from behind him, "It doesn't take much to please the feeble-minded."

Ben mumbled his response inaudibly, "Ya, you always did say that I'd laugh at anything. Where's that beer?" he demanded harshly.

Sam, hearing Ben this time, caught him from behind and seated him at a small table in one corner of the room. Both men ordered drinks, and the conversation shifted — to old times.

"How you been doing since Meg died?" Sam asked.

Ben replied slowly and then emphatically "I get along, but not like the old days."

Ben stared down at the table and then shifted his glance once more to the red-faced chap at the bar. For the first time he became aware of the unusual way in which the stout fellow was dressed. A much-worn tweed inadequately covered a faded plaid vest. The portly abdomen protruded beneath the convex arc of a tarnished gold chain. The rubicund complexion was accented by a scruff of graying hair, and a monocle obscured the apparent discoloration of one eye.

This was no Englishman. Monocles went out with the Franco-Prussian War. Besides, what a horrible accent! How could any man... What a fraud! A bum in a dive like this...

But then Ben became suddenly aware of Sam's inquisitive whine...

"Oh, Sam, you're right. I could have made it big. I could have made it real big. Funny what can happen."

"Ya, I'm sorry, Ben," Sam said consolingly. "Have you heard from your son since the accident? He was pretty bad off, I hear."

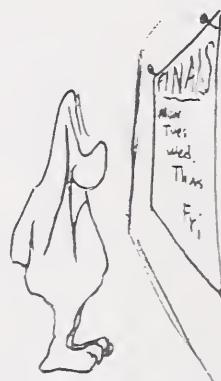
"He died, Sam," Ben replied quickly, almost bitterly.

By now Sam had almost finished his beer, and Ben, not to be outdone, gulped his own beer in one forced breath, coughed loudly, and started to rise. "A fellow could drown in that," he said. "A fellow could drown."

"Where ya goin'?" Sam asked, rising with his companion.

"I gotta get some air. The smoke... the smoke and whiskey smell are horrible in here."

Both men turned from the table. Sam tossed a coin into one of the empty beer mugs. Ben opened the door and the two men went out. Sam once again ducked under the sign above his head, but Ben just walked determinedly out.



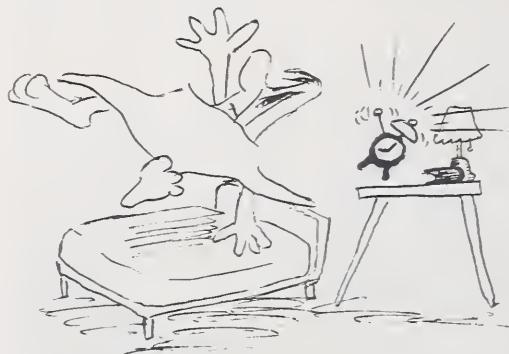
"Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded Time..."
(Macbeth Act II Sc. II)

They reached the street and turned, not in the direction from whence they had come, but toward the river slums.

They walked silently, side by side, until they reached a deserted cross-roads. Here Sam broke the silence, apologizing for any unintended injury and telling Ben that he would see him soon, but that he had to go now. Ben bid Sam good-by, and the two men separated. Sam took the right fork in the road and ambled homeward. Ben coughed raucously and renewed his trek forward.

In a matter of a few minutes Ben reached the bridge that spanned the river to the lower side. Directly in the middle of the bridge he paused, looking out across the black water of the river and up at the black obscurity of the sky. He saw the curved scimitar of the moon, hung in its swarthy background, and the still, ever-so-still lunar reflection in the murky stagnancy below. And he saw Sam walking slowly down river, kicking at stones, but walking ever so slowly. He watched Sam as he stopped in his tracks, stooping clumsily to pick something up from the filth. He saw Sam and reached subconsciously into the pocket of his coat with his left hand. When he removed it and looked down at his wrinkled palm, he saw only that it held a small wooden match. He groaned slightly and picked up the man-made twig, snapping it nearly in two and then dropping it from listless fingers, over the low railing of the bridge into the darkness below. He looked down and watched the twig as it hit the water, where the familiar concentric circles formed on the smooth moonlit surface. He coughed emptily. "A man could drown in that," he said. "A man could drown."

by Martin Vieweg



"What's the business,
That such a hideous-trumper calls to parley
The sleepers of the house?"

(Macbeth Act II Sc. III)

PRELIMINARY TO MADNESS



Can life betray the world of silence
more than once,
The jangled nerves, the endless
fibers, time?

Can all mankind believe one man so
strong?
To meet, endure that grievous hour
prime —
Awareness, isness, timeless know-
ledge of?
The beating, rhythm, master plan, or
rhyme?
The scheme of things, the wild-eyed
cognizance of space?

Destruction? Failure? Fall of reason
bared to life?
Emotion buried too in one last unit all
— o'erlapping us?

Can we survive the truth,
And still be sound of mind?
Or can we even see
Beyond the lie that's life?
Does blindness hide, or is there truth
to find?
A quest, a search, a dying human's
wish.
A thought, a fear, an unknown point in
time.

A stroke of madness beats within my
breast.
A stranded soul within the jaws of
hope.
A fallen being's one last try to grope, to
think,
And then to question: Why?

by Dolmen Menhir Cromlech

APOLOGIA

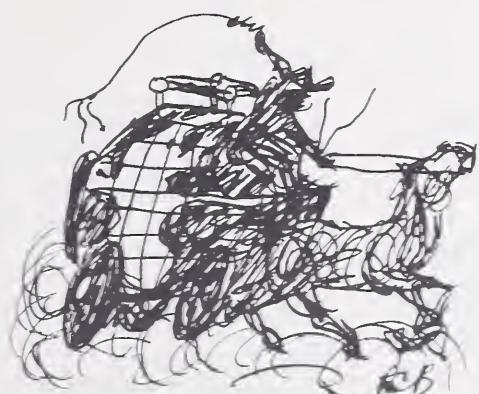


I walk along a fog-banked path which
is very much overgrown.
Outside my velvet cage I see a woman
With fat body and tired eyes, a thin,
sickly baby at her breast.
A man with broken shoes beats a small
boy with his cane.
The boy runs out of reach and stands
with tear-stained face, taunting.
This is very heavy and sad to me, but
it is real.
And I am not.

I step on a stone, sharp and jagged,
and my feet feel pain, but my mind
feels nothing.
Ahead of me is nothing.
The path follows a cliff into a valley
which has no bottom.
It is not real at all.

I will walk toward the soft cloud that
curls like smoke over the lip of the
cliff.
It would surround me with soft pres-
sure,
Cool, gray, moist . . . It is not real,
But it is not very heavy.
I will step into it soon . . .
And I am not real either.

by J. Starkey



THREE TRIALS OF THE URCHIN

I

You handed me fruit, old man, and Roquefort
As if to bait me — I retorted: "No, please;"
Sucking the sun through my grapefruit,
I refused the cheese, exhumed
From shepherds' caves and milkmaids'
Stone hovels, doomed
To the decimation of faces delicately made
In mirrors, broken in the living room. . .
I should say, rather, all covered save your face,
You might yet turn, ignorant, resigned,
And with decrepit finger point to some fatal sign
To say: "See ye that ook? Right ther ye shul him finde."
I was not to see, I thought, "fear in a handful of dust,"
As I pursed and puckered on a lemon rind,
And so I labored over such a simple lust
For the time and for the time.

II

I should not have lain naked there,
Naked to sword and fire wielded above my crib;
Nor could morning-lighted carousel through shadows
Affix or confound as it whirled round my growing head
And in and out windows, hurling dust
Into the breath of the living. . .
As I saw it swell, each particle and spore,
Dancing from floor to window, window to floor,
I should not have lain naked there;
For I feared not my wrappings or my balm,
Not the fence at my left that blocked my fall,
Nor dangling puppets — no, not at all,
Nor the faded flowers at my right pressed into the wall —
Not these; yet I cried out, finally not able
To bear confinement: too proud and free
To see my father served my flesh upon a table. . .
I would have revenge, and so I cried to flee,
To have the old charity print hastily withdrawn
(I could not suffer the agony of the garden);
Nor was I content, though mystified, on seeing it again
After time and travel — unframed and torn,

Thrown behind on oil barrel,
Friendless, Foul, and Worldless.

III

While still light, the day shone on the child,
Who ran through varnished rooms;
He seemed a foundling soul, strangely mad,
Craving, raving wild, but strangely glad
At having chosen to demand recompence
For whitened tombs, filled with the disgust of bones. . .
Falling into kerosene and sawdust cellars
Evokes pleasant reverie of wine
In an atmosphere of scattered rubbish,
Musty, reeking of garlic clusters. . .
There now, had he in his descent
Encountered the Cerberus or Chimera?
No doubt the latter. . .
Upon ascending the stair
To see what was the matter;
Yes, I see him too, standing near the hatter. . .
Look how tall and gaunt he is, can hardly hold his lance;
And what might he enhance,
Pointing over land to hundred-armed Briareus?

I'd forgotten who had listed him to the lure of an attic door,
Containing mysteries (as if they were wont to escape),
Rose and carnation-scented on a bare, dusty floor. . .
A lady laughs beneath her handkerchief,
Some ancient book falls open, exuding heady smells
Of yellow, high-necked lace and bustles;
A perfumed reminiscence, vague and primal
Grabs the curious child in the extasy of kings and monocles,
Pressing him between yellow and gray vellum,
Profusely ornamented, leather-bound, wrapped in Irish linen. . .
He took holy awe at what might be called an absurd anachronism
Of Dore's illustrations for Pope Leo's Bible — Good God, the wonder
Of life's blind sense, naked, undone amid the blunder
Of dated novelties and pretty toys!

Let me cast an eye across the polished joys of tears
To find I am painted in a fresco —
A bladder pierced, left hanging from a cloud of former years.

by John Clement

THE MEMORY

Snowflakes falling, falling fast,
With them, my tears for moments past.
Seeping through my ruined walls,
They penetrate deepest memory's halls.
Oh, why, why must I live in pain,
Remembering always that hateful
stain?
Colder, colder, sadder, sadder,
The memories come quicker and sharper.
I think of the happiest memory of all.
A warmth breathes over me and I call.
Snowflakes falling, falling fast,
Over a piece of the unknown past.
Memories filled that dingy room.
Now, just a corpse lies in its doom.
A passerby would never know the feel-
ing, the pain,
Or if the wants and desires were ever
attained.
The soul in Eternity will continue to
search,
For the renewal of the happiest me-
mory on Earth.

by Peggy Pillion

A PLAN I HAVE

First Mate, come over here. I have a
plan.
Aye, Aye, Sir; tell me all we'll do before
the end has come.
A plan I have, one sound as that which
binds us all as one.
But Captain — such plans, they can-
not be — you're making fun.
Of Whom? No one can laugh no more!
But is it all as dark as that?
I mean . . . cannot we try to. . .
Yet it seems you're right.
Your grammar, own, tells me we've lost
the fight.
Betray me, sir?
Your very leader — Damn!
I'll teach ye right.
But not the verbal kind. . .
I strike.
And sure your aim is good.
I die — and you are all alone.
The ship is sunk.
Good-bye.

Anonymous



"My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound." —
(Romeo and Juliet, Act 2 Scene 2)

REFLECTIONS

Awaking September's Dawn
I owe a cock to Asclepius.

The cock crew.

A wicked generation asking for a sign. . .
Shall you speak in runes?
I thought I heard a cock crowing from
a vine
And left to the window and the sky
Memories . . . unimportant,
Though I heard from far
The voice of one crying:
"Le ciel est pardessus les toits!"

Recherchez le temps perdu . . . le temps
perdu,
Fearing nothing now but you
"Que toutes mes hontes j'eus bues."
Waiting to retreat,
Neatly wrapped in freshly laundered
blanket,
In clean, white sheet. . .

Carpe diem . . . sed memento mori . . .
Do I remember how the morning fruit
tasted
Before afternoon, freshly picked
In summer gardens where four rivers
ran?
Do you remember whether the first was
pleasant?
"A little knowledge is a dangerous
thing,"
But soon it will be Spring:
I heard a penniless apple-picker pipe
an elegy
But, seasonable, it cannot last. . .
Some crayon Shakespeare shone like
smoked glass,
Lingering on a bedroom wall to reflect
faces,
Crude, wasted, blurred from the past,
Dissolved, consumed in soft light
That makes its way by the edges of a
threadbare curtain shade
Into morning vestiges of night. . .

Ah, see how the day's a walking wan-
derer of life —
Crowned with bowler, flaunting cane,
content with spats;
"Ignorant and wanton as the dawn,"
shall I thrice deny?
This proud and deathless thief rum-
mages through attic lobes
And crescents of the mind for buried
time. . .
In an autumnal mime or year-round
nursery rime,
Risen from some unimagined cave of
Cereal's and Fruit's remorse:
The dead cock crows and to the barn-
yard runs his course.

by John Clement



Today the water is shining blue, and
my happiness dances with it across
the white-crested waves.

But yesterday there was leaden sky, and
the sea was dark as my tears fell
silently into the salty wetness.

The water only churned against the
fog as if trying to escape, but so gently, and I too. . .

And tomorrow — will the green waters
again scream at the sky, hurling
themselves at the shore in thunderous
rolling,

Scattering the gulls in frenzy, upsetting
the coal-black loons, who start
in fright at my scream of defiance?

I will die and my bones will turn to
nothing under some inland sod, and
in time all memory of me will have
ceased among men.

But the sea will remember how it
caressed my bare legs, chilling them
with coldest kisses;

How I stood in the storm and cried my
love aloud, to have the words
drowned in the spray.

Do my words remain part of the sea?
Although I die, the sea remains to
remember me and, when the midnight
storms rage, perhaps will sing my
eulogy.

by Jane Starkey



L'hiver, la mort, la fin du temps,
Le jour sans connaissance.
Une annee depuis doux printemps:
L'histoire de l'existence.

La consequence des fautes de vie,
La tache d'humanite.
Chemin que tous les bons suivi;
Les mauvais egare.

There we were
Blowin' out a wild desperate
Sound — three-piece combo;
But we were inside Jericho,
And the walls started shakin',
And bricks were falling
all around like some
crazy hailstorm,
And I starts thinkin' *maybe*
This combo ain't so cool.
So I says to the cats, "You'll have to run
this gig alone
'Cause I'm goin' solo;"
So they looks at me with
Their brass and strings
And don't say nothing,
And I say I can't hole up
This woodwind section
No more cause my reed's broke.
An they just keep lookin' at me, and
the brass laughs cause he don't need
nobody either.
So the strings is all alone — sorta
pluckin' out a crazy tune.
An' we goes out tryin' to find a new
combo.

by George French

JUSQU' ALORS

L'egalite pour tous j'espous.
Mais qui peut jamais voir,
Avant la fin soit arrivee
Pendant la nuit de noir.

Et, donc, j'ai peur un petit peu
De ce qui sera tot.
Je pense, je pense de cette grande heure:
Sourcis peut-etre sots.

Mais que je peut avoir raison!
Savoir absolument!
Car je vivrai cette grande saison
Dedans le firmament.

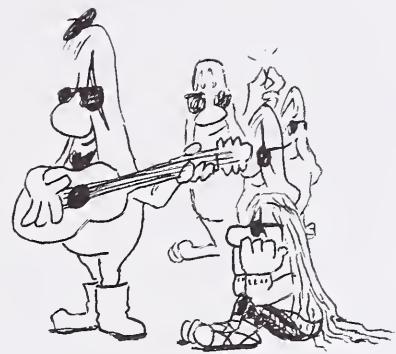
by Martin Vieweg

POEM



And now will my moon be sad,
And trembling shed a silver tear:
Small keenings for the advent
Of an overwhelming emptiness.
For what is it to Be,
When knowledgeless of Being?
And what's to be won
In the wooing of a specter?

by Helen Mack



"How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!" (Tempest Act V, Scene 1)

COUNTERPOINT

"I can't remember when I've been up so early. The world is different, Matt; don't you feel it? Different from the day-time world or even the night. I don't want to walk any more, do you? This isn't a world of living people, it's a strange sort of waiting period."

"Ummhum. But I'm tired, Laura. Whatever made you want to stay out all night? The movie ended hours ago, and we must have walked. . . ."

"Listen! There's the milk train! It must be four o'clock. The whistle is so beautiful, I want to run and go with it. Why can't we just leave today? We haven't any reason to stay at school, really. Oh, I suppose we want a diploma and all that it has to offer, but. . . ."

"I think there's every reason to stay. You've run away from everything you ever began, you know. Jobs, people who once cared, even yourself, and now. . . ."

"Let's . . . let's go to . . . Arizona! and see Quinn. If we get a ride on a trailer truck — sometimes they take people, don't they? — we wouldn't need much money and we could get jobs there and stay until we were bored. The desert must be so different from anything here. If we. . . ."

"Stop it!"

"No, I won't. Let's . . . buy a car! Let's . . . please pretend. It's a game, of course it's a game. You had to make me say it. You can't pretend at all, can you? Your smug little world is so neatly tied up in little brown bags, every day is so planned and perfect!"

"What can I say to you? I love you, you know that. I'd go anywhere with you, but it has to be real. I can't walk on dreams. Come with me, please come. I can't take you to Ceylon or Tahiti, or

to live in a castle, but I can take you home. I want to marry you."

"Look, it's getting lighter. The sun will be up pretty soon and then all the people will come out of their houses and the world will be theirs again, and not ours. If only. . . ."

"Will you come with me?"

"If only we could hold the sun just there below the horizon, the people would sleep forever. The whole world would be ours, yours and mine, and we could have whatever we wanted: the park, the city, our own cathedral."

"I really don't know you. But I love you, and if I keep saying it, nothing matters. Your eyes are so wide and new; your mouth is never hurt, and when you cry it isn't loudly, but like rain washing petals. Yet I don't know you at all. What am I to you? Part of your dream world, a character to mold and put into the plays you write, wearing a different mask every day? No! Today I'm the director. You will have to choose. Stop dancing and pay the piper. I'm going now, and if you come with me, it will be forever. I'll always love you, no matter how you choose, but you must choose and it must be final. Please come."

"Look! a ship there on the river. If we run down, would they let us go on board, do you think they would? Where do you suppose it comes from? I can't quite see the flag. Italy, maybe? Italian sailors have dark eyes and warm, tanned skins. Are . . . don't go . . . please don't go. We have so many things to do, you and I, so much to see. Why don't you understand? Why do you have to run away, just now. . . ."

by Jane Starkey

POEMS BY "BIANKLEY"

Hey, up there, I've lived too.

I've loved. Listen, you taller people;
I can make you listen!

Wait!

To have the curse of being small
Doesn't affect my life at all,
at all.

All you, listen . . . hey, up there,
I've lived too. I've lived THREE
TIMES as much as you . . . I'm
three times as old, old.

Old days were better, and I've seen
both. . .

Hey, up there, are you listening?
I could have been great.

I could have been. . .
I could have. . .
I could. . .
Wait!

No. 3

Like a million ping-pong balls on
mouse-traps
Evil gets less good
Until it settles into impassive pools of
people.

No. 5

Neo-plastic flowers bring back Neo-
plastic memories.

No. 7

Ashes falling to the floor gently
Like burned minds.

No. 1

What do you do at twenty of two?
Anticipate three and remember one.

20 class "A" cigarettes
For forty class "C" people.
20 class "A" cigarettes
Perpetually replenished passifiers.
20 class "A" cigarettes
I want to try one class "B" cigarette.
20 class "A" cigarettes
I want to try Brand "X."
20 class "A" cigarettes
fill the Cancer Research Room with
thoughtful smoke.
20 class "A" cigarettes
the best thing since war.
19 class "A" cigarettes. . .

No. 8

God created Adam and Eve
And placed them in the garden of Eden.
And Cain went to the land east of Eden
And begot himself a wife. . .
Interstate Creation.



No. 13

Nature doesn't care for the retarded,
Life's crippled minds and structures.
Toleration, but no acceptance in
Nature's perfect plan
Of functioning man.
Hire the handicapped whom Nature
Slapped and trapped.
With limbs that don't match,
Hands that can't catch,
And minds of imperfect patches of
limited potential.
Give them braces, crutches, and
canes,
Feed their needs and
Tap their brains for the parched
potency
Of limited awareness.
Hire the handicapped if possible
Without jeopardizing your own job.
Give them a dollar or a dime.
Help them . . . in your spare time.
They can wait, they have nothing to
do.
(Nothing they can do.)
Fire the handicapped!
Nature did.

Protest singers ask only enough com-
pensation
For travel expenses in an XKE.
The problems of the world unfold in
song
To faceless fans.
They, too, protest along with thought-
ful song
At six bucks a seat.
Absorbent singers filled with plentiful
problems from a
Wellspring of wailing and worrisome
warbling,
But no solution;
Only songs
At six bucks a seat.